

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like
Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Ces. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Traine.

Octa. Haile *Cesar*, and my L. haile most deere *Cesar*.

Cesar. That euer I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa. You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause.

Ces. Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Cesar's* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*
Should haue an Army for an Vther, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by th' way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should haue ascended to the Rooofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
The oftentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
Is often left vnshewne: we should haue met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Ces. Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract 'twene his Lust, and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Ces. I haue eyes vpon him,

And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Cesar. No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodd'd him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th' earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archelaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Mauchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comageat, *Polemon* and *Aminias*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth)

Ces. Welcome hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wronged,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie

Hold vnbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,

Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd

Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods

To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers

Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,

And euer welcom to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome deere Madam,

Each heart in Rome does loue and pittie you,

Onely th' adulterous *Anthony*, most large

In his abominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyses it against vs.

Octa. Is it so fit?

Ces. Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My dear st Sister. *Exeunt*

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,

And say'st it it not fit.

Eno. Well: is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not
we be there in person.

Eno. Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meely lost:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuitie, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues not
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidius.

Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange *Camidius*,

That from Tarrentum, and Brandulium,

He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,

And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,

Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,

Which might haue well becom'd the best of men

To taunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee

Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dares vs too't.

Eno. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.

Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharosia,

Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers

Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,

And so should you.

Eno. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,

Your Marriners are Milites, Reapers, people

Ingroft by swift Impresse. In *Cesar's* Fleete,

Are those, that often haue gainst *Pompey* fought,

Their shippes are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,

Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away

The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,

Distraet your Armie, which doth most consist

Of Warre-mark-footmen, leaue vnexecuted

Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe

The way which promises assurance, and

Giue vp your selfe meely to chance and hazard,

From firme Securitie.

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo.

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, *Cesar* none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th' head of Aetion
Beate th' approaching *Cesar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,

Cesar ha's taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible

Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius*,

Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,

And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,

Away my *Thetis*. *Enter a Soldier.*

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,

Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt

This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th' Egyptians

And the Phoenicians go a ducking: wee

Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,

And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant, Cleo, & Eno.*

Soul. By Hercules I thinke I am i'th' right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes

Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,

And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse

whole, do you not?

Ven. *Marcus Octanius, Marcus Infens,*

Publicola, and *Celius*, are for Sea:

But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Casars*

Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome.

His power went out in such distractions,

As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They say, one *Towrus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,

And throwes forth each minute, some. *Exeunt*

Enter Cesar with his Army, marching.

Ces. *Towrus*?

Tow. My Lord.

Ces. Strike not by Land,

Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaille

Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede

The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes

Vpon this iumpe. *exit.*

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,

In eye of *Cesar's* battaille, from which place

We may the number of the Ships behold,

And so proceed accordingly. *exit.*

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the

stage, and *Towrus* the Lieutenant of *Cesar* the other way:

After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.

Alarm. *Enter Enobarbus and Scarrus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:

Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,

With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarrus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddesse, all the whol synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion.

Scar. The greater Cattle of the world, is lost

With very ignorance, we haue kist away

Kingdomes, and Prouinces.

Eno. How appeares the Fight?

Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,

Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,

(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th' midst o'th' fight,

When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;

(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,

Hoists Sailes, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not

Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being loofe,

The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,

Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)

Leauing the Fight in height, flies after her:

I neuer saw an Action of such shame;

Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before;

Did violate so it selfe.

Eno. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,

And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall

Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:

Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,

Most grossely by his owne.

Eno. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight

indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie toot,

And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Cesar* will I render

My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings aheadie

Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. He yet follow

The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason

Sits in the winde against me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,

It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,

I am so lated in the world, that I

Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a shippe,

Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,

And make your peace with *Cesar*.

Omnes. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards

To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,

I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,

Which has no neede of you. Be gone,

My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,

I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,

My very haire do mutiny: for the white

Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them

For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall

Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will

Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,

Nor make replies of loathnesse, take the hint

Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left

Which leaues it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way;

I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.

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Leaue